

MAY

TERRIFIC

COMICS

LOADED WITH ACTION!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MAY

TERRIFIC

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10¢



Kid Terrific

and
JIMMY

THE WISEACRES
WERE SO SURE
THAT KID TERRIFIC
WAS WASHED UP AS A
FIGHTER, THAT THEY
DARED TO OFFER HIM
THE ONE PROPOSITION
A LEATHER-PUSHER
FEARS MOST---
READ ON AND LEARN
ABOUT HOW---

"THE KID
COMES
BACK!"



OUR STORY OPENS ONE DAY IN MAY, ON THE CARNIVAL LOT--

YEP-- LOOKS LIKE A
GOOD SEASON!--
SAY, WHAT'S THE
MATTER, JIMMIE?
SOMETHIN' IN YER
EYE?

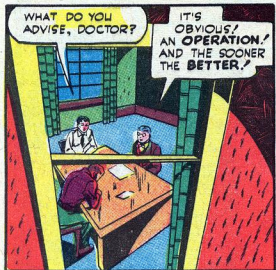
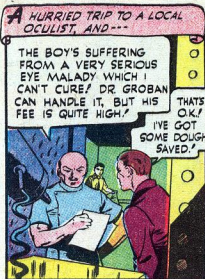
YEAH! IT'S BEEN
BOtherING ME
ALL NIGHT!

GOSH--
I FEEL LIKE
A BABY!--
BUT MY EYES
HURT!

WHAT ARE
WE GONNA
DO? I DONT
KNOW NOTHIN'
ABOUT EYES!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
THING TO
DO--GET A
DOCTOR!





FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AN AGREEMENT IS REACHED REGARDING THE OPERATION.



MEANWHILE-- TWO STRANGERS
TAKE IN THIS CONVERSATION
WITH VERY MUCH INTEREST---

THAT'S HIM
ALL RIGHT!!
NEVER FORGET
A FACE---

THIS IS OUR
LUCKY DAY!
LET'S CATCH
HIM AFTER HE
LEAVES THE
GIRL!



ALL RIGHT KID-- IF THAT'S THE
WAY YOU WANT IT--! ALL I
CAN SAY IS, **GOOD LUCK!**
--AND IF YOU NEED ANYTHING,
YOU KNOW WHERE TO
FIND ME---

THANKS--
THANKS A
LOT!



THE BIG LUG--
I ONLY WISH I COULD
LET HIM KNOW HOW
MUCH I-- OH, WELL!



HI-YA, KID!
REMEMBER
ME?

PATTY LOGAN!
HEY-- I AIN'T SEEN
YOU IN YEARS!
WHATCHA DOIN'
IN THIS BURG?



PROMOTIN'-- PROMOTIN'
FIGHTS!-- C'MON OVER
TO THE GYM--! I'D LIKE
TO HAVE A TALK WITH
YOU!



UP AT THE GYM, KID TERRIFIC VIEWS
SCENES WHICH BRING BACK
MEMORIES OF HIS TWO FISTED PAST!

GEE! DIS IS
LIKE OLD TIMES!

YEAH! C'MON IN
HERE KID! I WANNA
TELL YA SUMPIN'!



I GOTTA
LITTLE PROPOSITION
HERE THAT YOU--

**HEY!
LOGAN!**



LISSSEN, YOU
TWO TIMIN'
PUNK-- I WANT
SOME DOUGH
FROM DAT
LAST JOB, OR
I'LL PUSH YER
TEETH DOWN
YER THROAT!

WAIT, LEFTY--
LISSSEN--

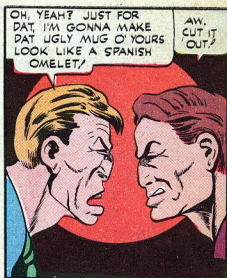
YOU
SHOULDN'T
DO THAT
MISTER--
HE'S SMALL-
ER THAN
YOU ARE!

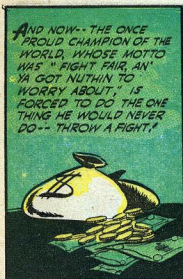


WHO ASKED YOU
TA BUTT IN, YA
STUMBLE-BUM?
I'M GONNA TEACH
YOU A LESSON IN
ETIQUETTE!

YER ASKIN'
FOR TROUBLE,
MUSTER!







THE HANDS
OF THE
CLOCK
CRAWL
SLOWLY--
AND AN
HOUR LATER
A GRATEFUL
GIRL RE-
CEIVES THE
MESSAGE
THAT FILLS
HER HEART
WITH JOY!

YES-- YES!
IT WAS A
SUCCESS?
OH THANK
HEAVENS,
DOCTOR! YES--
I'LL BE RIGHT
UP!



GEE! IT DIDN'T
HURT A BIT!
I FEEL SWELL!
BUT WHERE'S
KID TERRIFIC?



I'M GOING
TO TRY AND
GET IN
TOUCH WITH
HIM, RIGHT
AWAY!-- HERE,
I'LL PUT ON
THE RADIO FOR
YOU!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-- THIS IS THE
MAIN BOUT AT THE SPORTS GARDEN,
AND BRINGS TO THE RING LEFTY
O'RIODAN, AND AN ADDED SURPRISE
-- THAT FORMER LEATHER-PUSHER
OF DAYS GONE BY-- KID TERRIFIC!



KID TERRIFIC!

JIMMIE--
LISTEN--



HE'S DOING IT FOR
YOU--- TO PAY THE
DOCTOR BILL--
PLEASE JIMMIE,
CONTROL
YOURSELF!



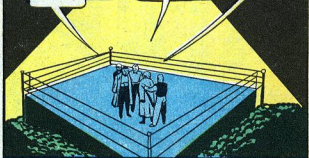
BUT-- HE
HASN'T
FOUGHT
IN YEARS!
HE'S IN NO
SHAPE-- HE'LL
GET KILLED!--
LEMMIE OUTTA
HERE!

"GET KILLED" IS RIGHT-- FOR LOOK WHO KID
TERRIFIC'S OPPONENT IS--

DE OL' PUG, EH?
--WELL, HERE'S ONE
TIME YER GONNA
TAKE IT AND YA
AIN'T DISHIN' IT
OUT!!

QUIET, LEFTY!
TAKE IT EASY!
WE'RE ALL
GETTIN' PLENTY
OUTTA' DIS!

YOU GUYS
SURE ARE
A BUNCH
OF PHONIES!



PLEASE-- YOU'VE GOT TO DO
THIS FOR ME-- AND HIM! I'M ALL
RIGHT! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA
HERE!-- HE NEEDS US, I TELL
YOU! THOSE GUYS WILL
MURDER HIM! DON'T LET HIM
DOWN,-- PLEASE!



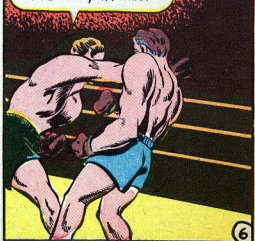
MINUTES LATER, A SLEEK
CAR RACES IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE
SPORTS GARDEN--

I KNOW
I SHOULDN'T
BE DOING
THIS!

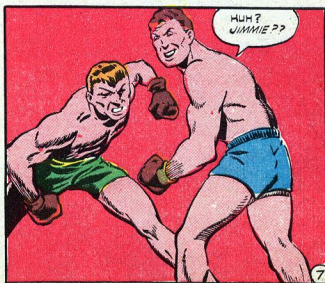
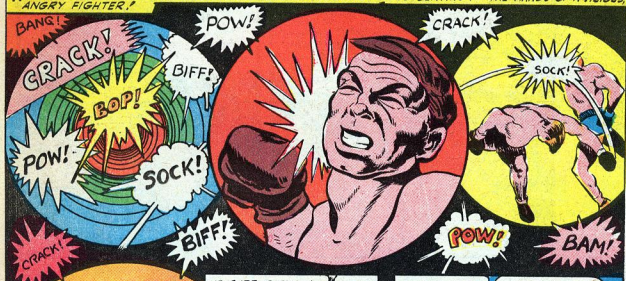
OW! WHAT
A BEATING
KID TERRIFIC
IS TAKING!

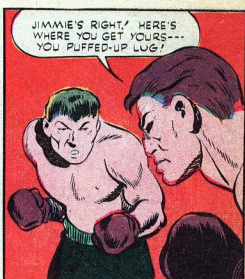
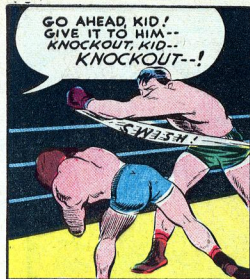


YER GONNA BE SORRY
KNOCKIN' ME DOWN!
IN DE GYM, YA MUG!



ROUND AFTER ROUND--AND KID TERRIFIC IS TAKING A MERCILESS BEATING AT THE HANDS OF A VICIOUS, ANGRY FIGHTER!





why not...
DROP A LINE...
 to
Kid Terrific 220 WEST 42ND
 NEW YORK CITY

JUGGERNAUT

"GIANT of JUSTICE"



TO PROTECT THE HELPLESS-- TO DEFEND THE WEAK-- TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE, AND TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF EVIL DOERS!--SUCH IS THE CREED OF THIS MIGHTY MAN OF THE NORTH--
Juggernaut!

ONE DAY A TALL STALWART FIGURE TRUDGED OUT OF THE NORTH COUNTRY TO THE RICH TIMBERLANDS OWNED BY THE THAYER LUMBER ENTERPRISES INC.

HE PRESENTED HIMSELF AT THE COMPANY OFFICES, AND APPLIED FOR WORK!

YOU LOOK STRONG ENOUGH!-- WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FOLKS UP HERE CALL ME JUGGERNAUT!



AT THAT MOMENT--IN ANOTHER LUMBER COMPANY-- FURTHER UP THE RIVER---

I WANT TO TELL YA, MARION--EVER SINCE YOUR DAD DIED YOU'VE BEEN DOING A GRAND JOB IN OPERATING THE BUSINESS!

THANKS, PETE!--I ONLY HOPE MY LUCK WILL HOLD OUT---

NOW THAT WE HAVE THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACT FOR THE LOGS---I HOPE TO BE ABLE TO FLOAT THEM DOWN---

DREW TAYLOR IS PROBABLY SORE THAT HE LOST OUT ON THE CONTRACT AWARD!-- HE'S THE KIND OF A CRITTER WHO WOULDN'T STOP AT ANYTHING TO GAIN HIS ENDS!

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF! HIS LAND IS SO FAR DOWNSTREAM, HE MIGHT TRY TO STOP US FROM FLOATING OUR LOGS DOWN!

JUST LET HIM TRY A STUNT LIKE THAT!-- OUR BOYS CAN LICK THE TAR OUT OF HIS ROUGHNECKS!

JUGGERNAUT SOON FOUND HIMSELF THE UNDISPUTED STRONGEST OF THE CAMP!

SURE!--HE'S THE GUY FOR THIS JOB!

YEH! JACQUES AIN'T GONNA LIKE HIM---! I CAN SEE THAT!

JACQUES APPROACHED JUGGERNAUT AND INSTANTLY FLUNG A CHALLENGE AT HIM!

I DON'T LIKE SHOW OFFS!--I'M GONNA TEACH YA TO DO YA WORK--OR GET OUTA' CAMP!

TEACH ME--HOW?

LIKE THAT!

FROM A NEARBY BUSH, THE SULLEN JACQUES WATCHED THE NEWCOMER WITH A DANGEROUS GLINT IN HIS EYE!

SO!--A RIVAL? EH!--WELL IF HE DON'T KNOW WHO'S BOSS NOW--HE NEVER WILL!

RECOVERING QUICKLY FROM THE BLOW, JUGGERNAUT WHIRLS INTO ACTION!



I DON'T
THINK
SO--
YOU
WINDBAG!

JACQUES THEN GRASPED THE HANDLE OF THE AXE FIRMLY, AND HURLED IT AT JUGGERNAUT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!



HERE
GOES!

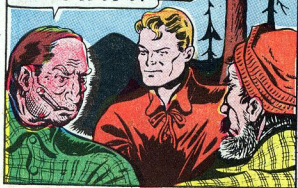
AND, WITH A SPLINTERING CRASH, THE AXE IS BURIED INTO A NEARBY TREE!

SO--THAT'S THE WAY YOU
WANT TO FIGHT, EH MISTER?
--YOU ASKED
FOR IT!



STOP FIGHTING, YOU FOOLS!
--DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S
WORK TO BE DONE?

HE
STARTED
IT!



I DON'T CARE
WHO STARTED
IT! WE'VE GOT
TO GET THOSE
LOGS DOWN
THE RIVER FAST!
COME ON!



BY THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE RIVER WAS CROWDED WITH LOGS AT ITS NARROWEST POINT!



THE ANSWER WAS QUITE APPARENT TO MARION MOORE!

IT'S A LOG-JAM PETE!--OH I KNEW HED PULL A TRICK LIKE THIS!

THAT DIRTY DOG! NOW THE LOGS CAN'T GO DOWNSTREAM!

Puzzled, Juggernaut studied this unusual situation.

THAT'S ODD!--IT LOOKS AS IF THAYER IS TRYING TO MAKE A LOG-JAM FOR HIMSELF!--BUT WHY??

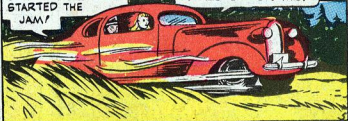
HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!--HE'S PROBABLY FLOATED HIS RAFT OF LOGS AHEAD!--THEN HE'LL BE ABLE TO OFFER THEM TO THE GOVERNMENT, BEFORE I CAN MAKE GOOD ON THE CONTRACT!



MINUTES LATER--MARION AND HER FAITHFUL FOREMAN WERE GOING IN THE DIRECTION OF THAYER'S GROUNDS!

BUT MARION--WE CAN'T PROVE HE STARTED THE JAM!

DREW THAYER THINKS HE'S GOT ME LICKED!--HE'S MISTAKEN!--I'LL HAVE HIM ARRESTED FOR THIS!



AND--IN THAYER'S OFFICE,
AN ANGRY JACQUES
CONFRONTED HIS BOSS.

---AND I WANT
TO FIRE THAT
GUY JUGGERNAUT.
I'VE BEEN FAITHFUL TO
YOU---I DON'T WANT

ALL RIGHT--ALL
RIGHT! I'LL GET
RID OF HIM!--
THE JOB IS DONE
ANYWAY! THEY'LL
NEVER BREAK UP
THAT JAM! SEND HIM
DOWN
HERE!



WELL--THAD MOORE'S
DAUGHTER! WHAT
MAKES YOU THINK
YOU CAN PROVE
I STARTED THIS JAM?



A HALF HOUR LATER--
JUGGERNAUT WAS IN THAYER'S
OFFICE---

I'VE GOT TO LET YOU GO,
JUGGERNAUT!-- MY
FOREMAN SAYS THAT
YOU'RE INCOMPETENT!

IS
THAT
SO?



YOU'D BETTER
TAKE HER OUT
OF HERE, ---
UNLESS YOU
WANT A LOT
OF TROUBLE!



THE NIMBLE
BRAIN OF
JUGGERNAUT
PERCEIVES
THE ENTIRE
SITUATION AT A GLANCE---

THAT WAS THEIR LITTLE GAME,--AND THEY
WANTED TO GET RID OF ME, AS SOON AS I
SERVED THEIR PURPOSE!



AS QUICK AS A FLASH, JUGGERNAUT LUNGED
INTO ACTION---

YOU TWO CROOKS--
THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN
DONE TO YOU LONG
AGO!



I WILL TESTIFY
TO THE POLICE
FOR YOU!--BUT FIRST
WE HAVE A JOB TO DO!
COME ON---



B-B--BUT
WHO ARE
YOU?

RUNNING QUICKLY BEHIND JUGGERNAUT, MARION AND PETE WERE LED TO THE EXPLOSIVE HUT---



LUCKY I LEARNED MY WAY AROUND HERE! ---WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST IF WE WANT TO SAVE YOUR LOGS AND OUR LIVES! ---WAIT FOR ME---

HE CAME OUT QUICKLY, CARRYING A DETONATOR AND SEVERAL STICKS OF DYNAMITE---



WE'VE GOT TO CHANCE A RUN ACROSS THE LOGS! MISS-- YOU CARRY THE CABLE. AND I'LL CARRY THE DYNAMITE!

THEY RAN ACROSS THE TIGHTLY WEDGED LOGS. NOW AND THEN JUGGERNAUT WOULD PAUSE TO DEPOSIT A STICK OF THE DEADLY EXPLOSIVE, WHERE IT WOULD DO THE MOST GOOD!



UNREEL THE CABLE FASTER! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!!

THEN, SAFELY ON THE OTHER SIDE AND---



WELL-- HERE GOES--



AND-- THAT EVENING---

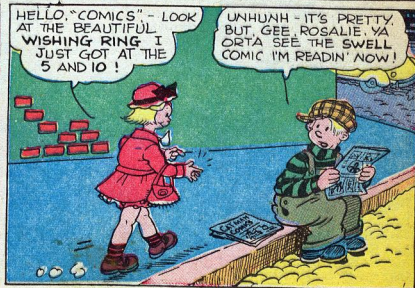
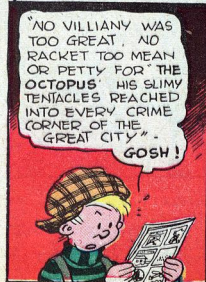
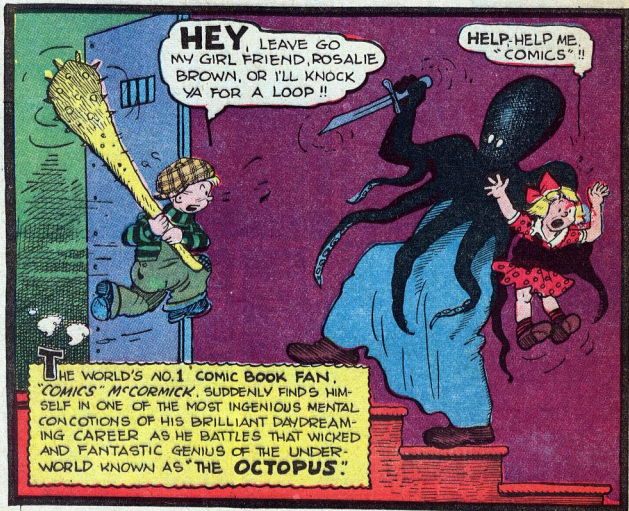
WE CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GRATEFUL WE ARE TO YOU, JUGGERNAUT! WON'T YOU CONSIDER MY OFFER TO STAY ON, AND WORK FOR US?

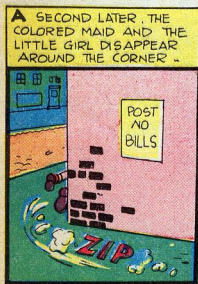
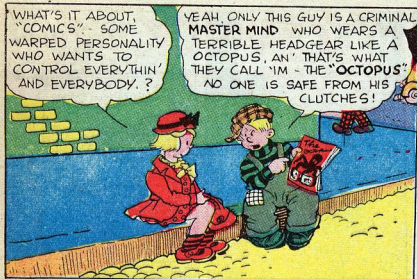


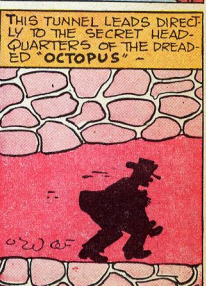
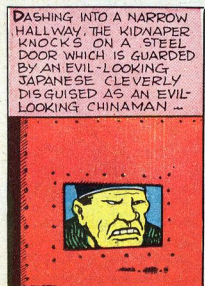
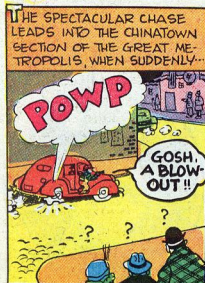
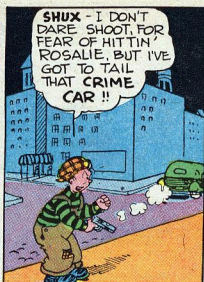
I'M SORRY-- I'M NOT ONE TO STAY TOO LONG IN ONE PLACE! I MUST BE MOVING ON! I'VE GOT TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE IN OTHER PLACES!

ANOTHER BREATH TAKING, THRILLING EPISODE IN THE NEXT-- EXCITING ADVENTURE of Juggernaut in the next issue of TERRIFIC COMICS !!

"COMICS" McCORMICK By S. J. Wheeler

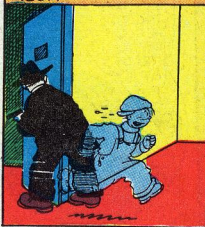








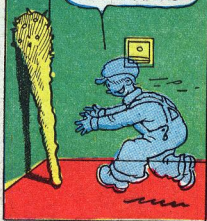
AS THE CROOK OPENS THE DOOR "COMICS", UNSEEN BY ANYONE, RUSHES INTO THE ROOM -



AND THEN..



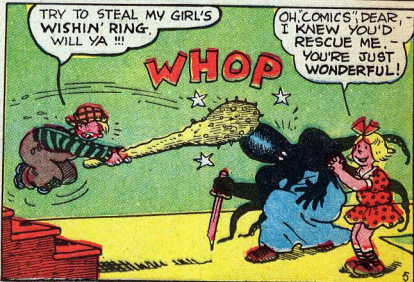
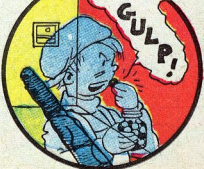
OH, BOY - A REAL WAR CLUB! GEE, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO USE ONE OF THESE BABIES!!

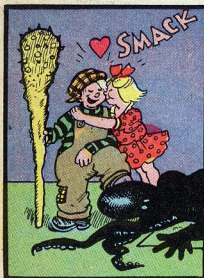


TERRIFIED BY AN ENEMY THAT HE CANNOT SEE, THE "OCTOPUS" SEEKS TO ESCAPE



NOW I'LL TAKE A BLACK PILL WHICH WILL MAKE ME VISIBLE AGAIN - I WANT ROSALIE TO SEE ME WALLOP THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THAT CRAZY FIEND!





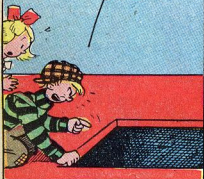
NOW WE'LL PULL OFF THIS TRICK HEADPIECE AN' TAKE A LOOK AT THE MASTER MIND!!



BUT SUDDENLY THE CRAFTY "OCTOPUS" DROPS THRU A SECRET TRAPDOOR -



SHUX - IT'S A HIDDEN EXIT TO THE RIVER, BUT MARK MY WORD, THE "OCTOPUS" AN' I WILL MEET ANOTHER DAY I BETCHA!



AN' NOW, GEE, ROSALIE, Y' BETTER USE YER WISHIN' RING IF YA DON'T WANTA BE LATE FOR DANCIN' SCHOOL - HURRY!!



JUST THEN..

COME ON, LAD - GET GOIN' - THE CURB'S NO PLACE TO SIT AND DAYDREAM!



A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER.

HELLO, "ELITE DANCING ACADEMY"? I'M CALLING FOR A LITTLE FRIEND - HE WANTS TO KNOW IF MISS ROSALIE BROWN GOT TO HER DANCING LESSON ON TIME? SHE DID? - THANKS!!

SWELL!!



"COMICS" MCCORMICK WILL HAVE ANOTHER OF HIS FAMOUS AND FASCINATING FLIGHTS OF FANTASTIC FANCY ALL SET FOR YOU IN THE NEXT INTENSE AND INTRIGUING ISSUE OF

TERRIFIC COMICS

For the TOPS in Comic Magazine Stories ---

Read **CAT-MAN COMICS**

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PLUS
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The Deacon
and Mickey
and
The Famous
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ADVENTURE
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COMIC BOOK
STARRING
KID TERRIFIC
and Jimmie
PLUS "BOOMERANG"
and DIANA



and
A
HOST OF *New*
CHARACTERS

IF IT'S

Suspense
you're
looking for ---

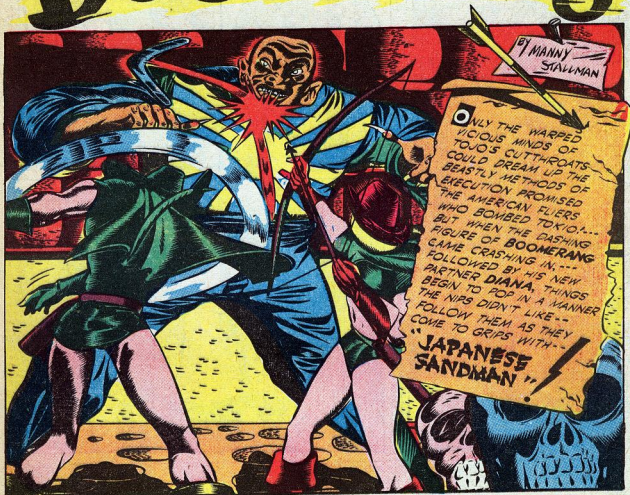
Read
SUSPENSE COMICS

The Most
unusual
Comic Magazine
in the world...

Get your copy -- NOW!



Boomerang



OUR STORY BEGINS IN A SWANK RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

NOW CAPTAIN RALEIGH, THAT I KNOW THE SECRET OF YOU BEING BOOMERANG, I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE--

--AND WHAT IS THAT, DIANA?

BEFORE THE WAR I WAS ENGLAND'S CHAMPION ARCHER! I CAN DO WONDERS WITH A BOW AND ARROW--

REALLY DIANA? HOW INTERESTING, I---

MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS, SIR---

THANKS,!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

BAD BUSINESS DIANA! THE AMERICAN BOMBERS WHO BOMBED TOKIO, WERE EXECUTED!

--WHY, THE DIRTY RATS!

I MUST GO TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME FIRST, DIANA!

ALL RIGHT LLOYD!

U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION---

THE FIEND RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS COWARDLY ACT CALLS HIMSELF "THE JAPANESE SANDMAN!"

--AND I AM TO DISPOSE OF HIM AS USUAL?

I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO FLY A MITSUBISHI FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT! IT WAS FORCED DOWN IN THE ALEUTIANS AND HAS BEEN COMPLETELY REASSEMBLED FOR DUTY! GOOD-LUCK CAPTAIN RALEIGH---AND GOD SPEED!

THANK YOU SIR!!

YES-- AND I'M AFRAID THAT THIS IS ABOUT THE TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT A MAN CAN TACKLE! ONE SLIP AND THEY'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!

I KNOW SIR!

LATER---

YES, DIANA---I'M LEAVING TONIGHT FOR THE WEST COAST!-- LOS ANGELES! RIGHT! GOODBYE DIANA!--IF I DON'T GET BACK IT WAS SWELL KNOWING YOU!

WE'LL GET BACK ALL RIGHT! I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

TELEPHONE

HOURS LATER, THE RECLAIMED JAPANESE PLANE IS WINGING ITS WAY OVER THE BROAD PACIFIC!--DESTINATION--TOKIO!

AND AT THE CONTROLS IS A GRIM AVENGER--A MAN PLEDGED TO ERADICATE THE SCOURGES OF CIVILIZATION!

THE MAJOR WAS RIGHT! GETTING INTO JAPAN WILL BE EASY ENOUGH, BUT GETTING OUT-- THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE!

HOURS LATER-- TOKIO !!

SEE WHO THAT IS! HE BEARS THE INSIGNIA OF PACIFIC BOMBING FLEET!

GREETINGS!-- I AM LIEUT. COLONEL TOYUSHA! HAVE JUST ARRIVED FROM PACIFIC THEATRE OF WAR!

GREETINGS-- WE WILL ESCORT YOU TO OUR COMMANDING OFFICER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIFE OF THIS DARING IMPERSONATOR--

--AN HONOR TO HAVE A FIGHTING OFFICER IN OUR MIDST! YOU WILL BE AN INSPIRATION TO MY MEN--

THE OBJECT OF MY FLIGHT IS AN UNUSUAL ONE! I AM HERE TO ASK FOR THE LOAN OF THE INDIVIDUAL NICKNAMED "JAPANESE SANDMAN." HIS HAPPY METHOD OF DOING AWAY WITH THE AMERICAN FLIERS HAS CAUGHT MY FANCY!

AND WHAT DO YOU WANT OF HIM?

TO HAVE HIM TEACH HIS ART TO MY MEN IN THE PACIFIC AREA!-- SHOW THESE AMERICAN SWINE THAT JAPAN WILL RULE THE WORLD, WITH THE SWORD AND AXE!-- BANZAI!

BANZAI!

STRANGE?? I GAVE STRICT ORDERS, NOT TO BE DISTURBED!



YES-- YES-- INDEED?
YES-- IMMEDIATELY---

COME, COLONEL,
I WILL LEAD
YOU TO THE
JAPANESE
SANDMAN!

LATER

HMM-- DELIGHTFUL
PLACE---

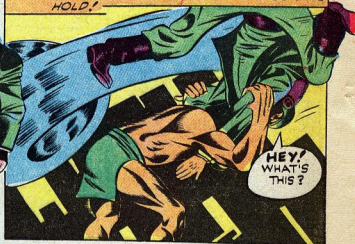
YES,-- CRUDE
AND QUANT,
--BUT EFFECT-
IVE!



WELCOME HONORED
ONE-- HOW CAN
I SERVE YOU?

I PRESENT TO YOU
COLONEL
TOYUSIA!

AS THE AMERICAN OFFICER BOWS IN
TRUE NIPPONESE FASHION, A PAIR OF
POWERFUL ARMS SEIZE HIM IN A JIU-JITSU
HOLD!



HEY!
WHAT'S
THIS?

FOOL! DID YOU NOT THINK THAT I KNEW
YOU WERE NOT JAPANESE?-- THE VERY
PLANE YOU FLEW WAS REBUILT WITH AMERICAN
PARTS!-- I WAS INFORMED OF THAT ON THE
PHONE!-- THEN I WAS POSITIVE-- NOW YOU
DIE!



WON'T YOU WEASELS
EVEN GIVE ME A
CHANCE?

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE BLACK SHADOWS OF THE ROOM, AN ARROW WHIZZES--- AND

GOOD HEAVENS!

DON'T MOVE, YOU KILLERS! BOOMERANG, COME FORWARD!

TEARING OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS, THE PSEUDO JAP OFFICER STANDS REVEALED AS **BOOMERANG**

AND, AS FAST AS LIGHT HE WHIPS INTO ACTION!

FISTS ARE BETTER AT CLOSE RANGE! --MY BROWN SKINNED MONKEY!

DOG UP A SPY!

THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS EVER UTTERED BY THE JAPANESE COLONEL!

CRACK!

MEANWHILE, A BATTLE TO THE DEATH IS TAKING PLACE BETWEEN THE TWO TITANS,--ONE REPRESENTING UNCIVILIZED BARBARISM,--THE OTHER, A SHINING LIGHT IN THE STRUGGLE FOR TOLERANCE.

MY JOB IS TO ERADICATE YOU FROM THIS LIFE-- --YOU FILTHY SWINE!

SLIPPING THE GIANT JAPANESE SANDMAN, BOOMERANG LETS GO A TERRIFIC WALLOP!

BOOMERANG! FINISH HIM OFF!-- THIS PLACE WILL BE ALIVE WITH NIPS SOON! I'VE GOT A STAFF CAR OUTSIDE!



SANDMAN GRABS A TWISTED DAGGER OFF THE WALL!

I'M NOT THROUGH YET, MR. BOOMERANG!
OH! OH!



AGAIN, THE STRUGGLE ENSUES, THEN-- A SUDDEN TWIST---



THEN, TO THAT CAR, OUTSIDE--

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE-- BUT THANKS A LOT!

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH! LETS GO!

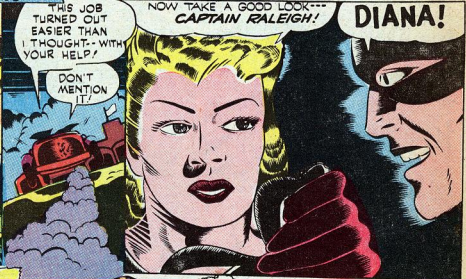


THIS JOB TURNED OUT EASIER THAN I THOUGHT-- WITH YOUR HELP!

DON'T MENTION IT!

NOW TAKE A GOOD LOOK--- CAPTAIN RALEIGH!

DIANA!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER--

THAT'S RIGHT! I STOWED AWAY AND FOLLOWED YOU ACROSS EARTH!

I THINK WE'LL SEE MUCH MORE OF EACH OTHER!

YES--- MUCH MORE--



YES--MANY MORE ADVENTURES ARE FORTHCOMING FOR BOOMERANG AND DIANA--- WATCH FOR THEM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

Terrific Comics



THE END!!

Molly O'Moore and "SCOOP" SCANLON



ONCE AGAIN, OUR TWO HAPPY-GO-LUCKY REPORTER FRIENDS EMBARK ON A PERILOUS ADVENTURE, AS THEY BATTLE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE SINISTER WEB OF FIRE THAT THREATENS TO ENGULF THEM-- FOLLOW THEM THROUGH THEIR AMAZING EPISODES, AS THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH

"THE FIRE KING"



Symphony Hall in a Great City--and the Evening's Concert is about to begin!



And in the audience is our pair of friendly rivals Molly O'Moore and Scoop Scanlon!

YOU AND YOUR SYMPHONIES-- WHY COULDN'T WE HAVE GONE TO A GOOD PRIZEFIGHT, INSTEAD?

QUIET, SCOOP-- THEY'RE GOING TO BEGIN NOW~~





LATER ON, AN EXPLANATION OF THIS STRANGE ACT IS GIVEN TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS!

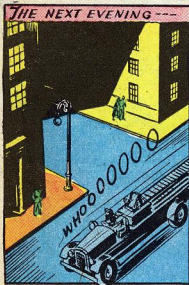
THIS VIOLENT RANKIN IS, I'M AFRAID, A MENTAL CASE!-- HIS MANNER AT REHEARSALS WAS ALWAYS UNUSUAL--- ESPECIALLY WHEN ANY COMPOSITION WITH THE WORD "FIRE" WAS PLAYED!-- HE IS THROUGH, AS A MEMBER OF THE ORCHESTRA!



THROUGH?--- PERHAPS-- FOR AT THAT MOMENT, DEEP IN THE FURNACE ROOM OF A HUGE SKYSCRAPER--

FIRE-- FIRE! HOW I LOVE IT!-- THOSE POOR FOOLS WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD WRITE ABOUT FIRE IN THEIR MUSIC!--- I'LL SHOW THEM ALL I'LL WRITE A SYMPHONY THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!





ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY---I'M GOING ON THAT ROOF ACROSS THE WAY AND SNEAK A COUPLE OF PICTURES OF THE FIRE, ANYWAY! LOTS OF LUCK---

BE CAREFUL, MISS O'MOORE

4 FEW MINUTES LATER--- THE GIRL REPORTER ASCENDS THE FIRE-ESCAPE OF THE BUILDING OPPOSITE THE SCENE OF THE FIRE---

SCOOP SCANLON WON'T SCOOP ME IF I CAN HELP IT!

BUT LITTLE DOES MOLLY REALIZE WHAT IS IN STORE FOR HER ON THE ROOF---

SO!--I HAVE A VISITOR-- A WOMAN--AND QUITE A PRETTY ONE!

THESE CANDID CAMERAS SURE ARE WONDERFUL FOR NIGHT WORK!

LET'S SEE!-- I GUESS THIS IS AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY PLACE---

I HAVE A WONDERFUL IDEA!

OH!-- SCOOP! SCOOP!

HEY! I THOUGHT I HEARD MOLLY!

I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!-- DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER! SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF!



YOU! THE VIOLINIST FROM THE SYMPHONY ORCH---

YES!-ME!
I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A GOOD IDEA **NOW** HOW THIS FIRE STARTED---

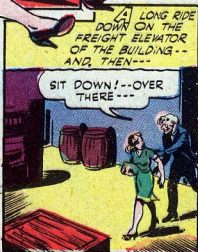
GET UP! FATE HAS BEEN KIND TO SEND YOU TO ME!--I AM GOING TO IMMORTALIZE YOU!

WH--WH--WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



YOU'LL FIND OUT--JUST KEEP WALKING--AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT OR--

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!



A LONG RIDE DOWN ON THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR OF THE BUILDING-- AND, THEN---

SIT DOWN!--OVER THERE---



TEN MINUTES LATER---

YOU WILL SIT HERE!--A REGAL QUEEN-- MY **QUEEN OF FIRE!** ---WHILE I APPLY THE TORCH THAT WILL SET THIS BUILDING OFF--
HE-HE-HE!

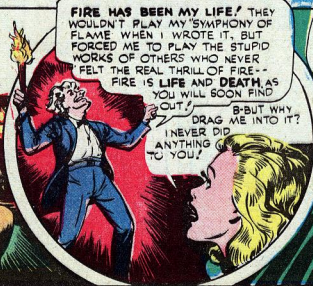
NO-NO!

MEANWHILE--
FUNNY-- I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD HER CALL MY NAME! I WONDER IF SHE'S IN ANY TROUBLE?



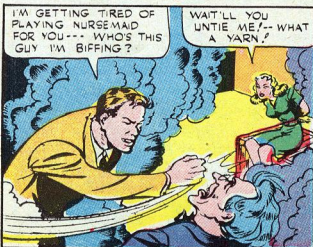
FIRE HAS BEEN MY LIFE! THEY WOULDN'T PLAY MY 'SYMPHONY OF FLAME' WHEN I WROTE IT, BUT FORCED ME TO PLAY THE STUPID WORKS OF OTHERS WHO NEVER FELT THE REAL THRILL OF FIRE-- FIRE IS LIFE AND DEATH, AS YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT!

B-BUT WHY DRAG ME INTO IT? I NEVER DID ANYTHING TO YOU!



--BECAUSE YOU ARE A WOMAN, YOU WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND! A KING MUST HAVE A QUEEN-- AND IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL, --FOR YOU WILL BE THE BRIDE!
THE BRIDE OF FIRE!







Two scoops for murder



Nat Greene nodded his head up and down as if to emphasize his own convictions.

"The killer—or the last person to see Steve Alton alive, **DELIBERATELY** went out of his way to reach down in this ice-cream refrigerator and pick himself up the **SECOND** container of ice-cream—**PISTACHIO PEACH**—"

I shrugged. For once, I figured Nat was wrong in his deduction of the murder of Steve Alton.

"So?" I asked. "How can you find a murderer who prefers **PISTACHIO PEACH** in a city of seven million? Probably there are **THOUSANDS**, right at this moment eating pistachio peach ice-cream."

Nat looked at me sadly, like a great professor looking at the scribbles of a little child.

"You are so naive—" he said. "Look—I will **PROVE** to you that Steve Alton's murderer can be traced by his love of pistachio peach ice-cream—"

Soberly I said, "In the past you've always proven **EVERYTHING** you said you would. But—in this case—well, frankly, I can't see how—I **WHAT PROOF**—what **CLUE** have we got to work on? Here he was, stabbed to death—no fingerprints—no tell-tale marks—no one saw the murderer come, or leave the building—all we have is a metal ice-cream container with two scoops of ice-cream taken from it. The ice-cream company swears their delivery man left Alton before six—his body was discovered a half an hour later—"

Nat lit his pipe.

"I've checked the ice-cream man. Perfect alibi. Went back to his warehouse. Stayed there till seven. Went home with some pals. Stopped at a couple of taverns. He's **ELIMINATED** as a suspect. . . ."

"But—but, **WHO**—?" I asked.

He puffed on his pipe.

"I checked on Steve Alton, today—" he began. "Did you know that twenty-five years ago, Steve was a motion picture actor?"

"No," I answered. "So what?"

"Alton," continued Nat, "never amounted to

anything **BIG** as an actor. Character parts mostly. But—" and here he leveled his pipe at me, "he was responsible in completely shattering the reputation of another character actor named **Judd Holderness**—"

"Never heard of him," I said.

Nat drew on his pipe. "You wouldn't," he said. "It was before your time. Anyway, when Steve got tired of movies and acting and knocking around, he bought this little restaurant, and decided to settle down—ten years ago—"

He shrugged. "From his friends. Old newspapers. Old theatrical papers. He had a lot of friends—but, **ONE** enemy—!"

"Who?" I asked, sitting upright.

Nat smiled. "I worked on a hunch. You see, besides five senses, we have a sixth sense—**COMMON SENSE**—I learned through a theatrical paper where Judd Holderness lived. I found he lived with a lot of old broken-down actors on Locust Street—it was easy to find out what his favorite ice-cream was, from his friends—"

"Pistachio peach?" I asked.

Nat nodded. "Quite correct. The jealousy for Alton had never left him even after all these years. He came up here on the fire-escape, knifed Steve, and left. But, the old theatrical urge was in him. He decided to leave **ONE** clue, as a challenge to anyone who would try to solve the murder. He carefully wiped all fingerprints clean, and deliberately ate two scoops of ice-cream over the corpse of his one time rival—"

"Amazing—" was all I could say. "Then—did he confess?"

Nat got up and shook the ashes out of his pipe.

"No—" he answered. "Not yet. As a matter of fact I haven't spoken to him yet—Come on—let's go over to his house. I'll have a confession out of him in fifteen minutes—"

I shook my head wearily, as we left the office building. I wondered if there would ever be a criminal born who could outwit Nat Greene—

TARGET FOR TODAY



The bombardier sat tense, as the big plane came in sight of the objective. They called it a "target," back at headquarters, but looking down, it seemed to be nothing but a sprawling criss-cross pattern of streets, trees, houses, and factories.

Puffs of white smoke from below told him the anti-aircraft batteries were sending up their whining shells sky-high. But the big Fortress rode safely, high above their murderous firepower.

The bombardier sighed.

Below him lay Salerno. Once, a gay and happy community, where the wine was pressed from the luscious grapes that grew in colorful vineyards all over the peaceful countryside. Now, it was a "target"—a military object to be destroyed by the bombs that he would soon be sending on their way.

He was of Italian-American descent. Not so many months before, his father had been telling him of the beauty of this Italian district, and of the relatives and friends who still inhabited its rich fertile lands.

The headphones at his ears crackled into life.

"Nearing objective!" the lieutenant said. "Be ready at signal!"

The bombardier leaned back in his seat. Life sometimes played some pretty horrible jokes on humans. He remembered as a little boy, the discussion between his father and his uncle, as the latter insisted upon going back to Italy.

"But, Luigi," his father had said. "America—it is great—it is strong! Truly it is the land of opportunity and plenty. Stay here, I beg you—give your children, and their children after them the chance to grow up as free people in a land where everyone has a chance . . .!"

Luigi had shaken his head, and answered in his native tongue.

"No, Carlo," he had said. "What you say is all true. But this hustle and rush of this American way of life, I have no taste for. I yearn for the quiet life I will live at Salerno—where I was born—and where I will die."

The bombardier's father had continued the argument.

"But it will not always be peaceful there, Luigi, my brother," he had said, earnestly. "Already there are rumors of the country under-

going a vast economic change. We of the outside world, don't hear much about it, but it is true—they say that a ridiculous little man, with a neck like a bull is going to try to make the Italian people live, according to the way HE wants it done. . . ."

His uncle had merely shaken his head. A few days later, he and his family sailed back, carrying many American silver dollars earned in the United States.

The bombardier's thoughts were interrupted by a whining blast of ack-ack that came dangerously near the plane. Instantly, he was on the alert. Looking down, he saw a fantastic pattern of whirling, screaming shell-fire. The big ship was riding safe above it all.

The headphones buzzed again.

"Set bearings," was the order. "Prepare to unload!"

He adjusted his instruments. The minute was approaching. Running through his mind, like the last thoughts of a drowning man were visions of a happy past, with his uncle, his aunt, and his many cousins. Some of them were sure to be below down there.

The din of battle grew louder and fiercer. Pursuits, and fighters were climbing up to do battle with the big Fortresses, but the ships' gunners were rapidly clearing the sky of them.

He thought of his mother back home in the States, and the love she had for her husband's brother and wife. And all those pleading letters she had written, begging them to come back to America.

Then, it happened.

The objective was reached. The sights were rained on it. Whatever it was he couldn't see it above the bursting barrage. Then a voice broke through the headphones into his ears.

"BOMBS A-W-A-YYYYY . . .!"

He released the giant bombs. They tumbled lazily out of their racks, like a school of indifferent porpoises, and slithered sleekly to earth.

The bombardier brushed back a tear, and spoke into his throat microphone.

"All away . . ." he said.

He sat up straight again, and awaited further orders.

It was another target for today.

TOKIO EXPRESS

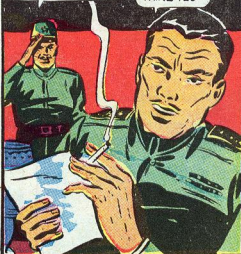
DRAMA...MYSTERY...INTRIGUE...
DEATH!-- THEY ALL RIDE
THE RAILS, AS THE FAST
EXPRESS FROM TOKIO TO
YOKAHAMA, CARRIES ITS
STRANGE CARGO THROUGH
THE NIGHT...
[WHAT STRANGE TRICK,
WAS FATE DESTINED TO
PLAY ON THESE HAPLESS
PASSENGERS?--- READ ON,
AND LEARN THE SECRET OF...
"THE TOKIO EXPRESS"



THE JAPANESE WAR OFFICE IN TOKIO--

THE AMERICANS
ARE OUTSIDE--
MOST HONORED
ONE---

LET THEM
WAIT!-- I'LL SEE
THEM IN
FIFTEEN
MINUTES



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER---

AS YOU KNOW-- YOU ARE BEING
EXCHANGED FOR JAPANESE
CIVILIANS IN THE UNITED STATES!
YOU WILL BE ESCORTED TO
YOKAHAMA ON THE TOKIO
EXPRESS!



ELI
KATZ



THIS IS CAPTAIN MAKURI, AND ONE OF HIS MEN---THEY WILL ESCORT YOU TO YOKAHAMA, AND SEE THAT ALL ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE!---THAT IS ALL!



STRAIGHT AHEAD---DOWN THIS CORRIDOR---A BUS IS WAITING TO TAKE US TO THE RAILWAY STATION!



THE AMERICAN GIRL!---! QUITE A CHARMING PERSON, EH MAKURI---

YES QUITE--



THIS REMINDS ME OF A CHEAP MOVIE I SAW ONCE!

YES-- ONLY THESE VILLAINS HAPPEN TO BE THE REAL THING---



A BUS RIDE TO THE TERMINAL--AND THEN A LONG WAIT IN THE TICKET OFFICE..

ALLOW ME TO SEE YOUR PASSPORT, PLEASE!

YES-- OF COURSE!



SO--? YOUR NAME IS LORRAINE-- LORRAINE DALE--- A VERY ATTRACTIVE, NAME--- FOR A VERY ATTRACTIVE GIRL--

MAY I HAVE MY PASSPORT BACK NOW-- PLEASE?



HALF HOUR LATER--

EVERYONE ABOARD--! NEXT STOP-- YOKAHAMA!

THIS SHALL BE YOUR COMPARTMENT--- YOU WILL EXCUSE US IF WE SEE FIT TO INTERVIEW YOU PRIVATELY, CONCERNING ACTIVITIES IN JAPAN!

BUT-- SAY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!-- WE'RE EXCHANGE PRISONERS!

TRUE-- BUT YOU ARE STILL PRISONERS--- AND YOU ARE NOT IN YOKAHAMA, YET--! PLEASE DO NOT CAUSE ME TO DEAL RASHLY WITH YOU!-- SIT DOWN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER-- IN THE OFFICER'S COMPARTMENT--

ONE OF THEM HAS THE PAPERS!-- HAS THEIR LUGGAGE BEEN SEARCHED?

THOROUGHLY!-- NOT A TRACE OF ANY DOCUMENTS

WE HAVE TO TALK TO THEM! SEND IN MR. AND MRS. YATES--

MR. YATES-- CERTAIN CONFIDENTIAL DOCUMENTS WERE STOLEN FROM OUR BUREAU OF PROPAGANDA IN TOKIO--- SOMEONE COPIED THEIR CONTENTS, AND THEN RETURNED THE PAPERS! THAT IS WHY I CALLED YOU HERE!

ME?-- YOU KNOW MY BUSINESS IN JAPAN HAD TO DO WITH OIL REFINING.

TRUE.. BUT WE HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THE COPIES OF THESE DOCUMENTS ARE IN THE POSSESSION OF ONE OF YOU AMERICANS! NATURALLY THEY ARE CLEVERLY CONCEALED!-- I AM ASKING YOU TO TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR COMPANIONS! IF THESE PAPERS ARE NOT IN MY HANDS WITHIN THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES-- ALL OF YOU WILL BE INTERNEED IN YOKAHAMA AS ENEMY AGENTS--!

MINUTES LATER--

THAT'S THE MESSAGE HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU-- IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, IF ONE OF YOU IS GUILTY, DON'T LET THE INNOCENT SUFFER!-- THESE JAPANESE ARE RUTHLESS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
--WHAT ABOUT YOURSELF?-- HOW DO WE KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT GUILTY? YOU HAVE PLENTY TO LOSE, LEAVING JAPAN--

WAIT!-- LET'S NOT FIGHT AMONG OURSELVES! IF ONE OF US IS GUILTY, IT WILL COME OUT! HAVE THEM EXAMINE OUR PERSONAL PAPERS, AND BELONGINGS--

WHY SHOULD WE? I HAVE CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS FOR MY COMPANY IN MY BRIFCASE! I'M NOT SHOWING THEM TO---

NO?-- SUPPOSE
YOU LET ME
DECIDE THAT! I
WANT EVERY ONE
OF YOU TO REPORT
TO MY COMPARTMENT
WITH YOUR PERSONAL
BELONGINGS!-- ONE
AT A TIME!
--YOU FIRST!



ME?-- I HAVE
NO BRIEF CASE--
I CARRY MY
LETTERS IN
HERE--

A HALF-HOUR GOES BY--
EVERYONE HAS BEEN
THOROUGHLY QUESTIONED,
THAT IS-- EVERYONE, BUT--

MISS LORRAINE DALE--
TELL HER TO BRING HER
BRIEF CASE IN HERE!



MINUTES LATER--

THIS IS THE
MOST RIDICULOUS
THING I EVER HEARD
OF!

SO
SORRY
MISS!



SIT DOWN, MISS
DALE -- YOU ARE
A NOVELIST, I
UNDERSTAND?

YES-- WHAT EARTHLY
REASON WOULD I
HAVE FOR BEING
INVOLVED IN
ESPIONAGE?



MY LAST BOOK
SOLD WELL INTO
A MILLION COPIES!
I CAN'T AFFORD TO
LET MYSELF SUFFER
ANY BAD PUBLICITY



QUITE TRUE!-- I WILL BE
FRANK IN SAYING THAT
SEVERAL OF YOUR
COMPANIONS ARE UNDER
SUSPICION!-- THE CONTENTS
OF THEIR BRIEF CASES
AMOUNT TO QUITE A BIT
OF TYPEWRITTEN MATTER!

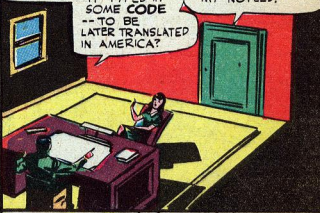
SO WHAT--? I HAVE QUITE A BIT OF
TYPEWRITTEN MATERIAL ALSO! ALMOST
A COMPLETE NOVEL!-- UNDER INTERNATIONAL
LAW I WAS ALLOWED BY THE JAPANESE
WAR OFFICE TO TAKE IT OUT OF THE
COUNTRY!

YES-- BUT THAT WAS BE-
FORE THIS UNFORTUNATE
INCIDENT
OCCURRED!



BECAUSE OF THE BULK OF
THE MATERIAL COPIED-- IT
WOULD HAVE TO BE TYPED
ON A LARGE AMOUNT
OF PAPER! DOESN'T IT
STAND TO REASON THAT
ONE OF YOU MIGHT HAVE
IT TYPED IN
SOME CODE
--TO BE
LATER TRANSLATED
IN AMERICA?

HOW MELODRAMAT-
IC!-- LOOK-- SEARCH
MY WRITING! I
CHALLENGE YOUR
EXPERTS TO FIND
ANY TRACE OF
CODE WRITING IN
MY NOVELS!





BUT-- THE SHOT IS HEARD BY OTHERS--

OPEN THIS DOOR!

CAPTAIN MAKURI!

--QUICK-- PULL THE
CORD--- STOP
THE TRAIN!



THE TRAIN IS
SLOWING DOWN--
STAY WHERE YOU
ARE-- OR I'LL
SHOOT--

DON'T--
YOU LITTLE
FOOL---
THEY'LL
GET YOU
ONE WAY OR
THE OTHER!

--GOODBYE,
MATTY! GOOD
LUCK--



AN HOUR LATER--

YOU LIE--
IT WAS
PART OF
A YANKEE
PLAN--

I TELL YOU
I DIDN'T DO
IT!-- I CAME
IN, AND FOUND
HER WITH---

YOU WILL
DIE FOR
THIS,--
AMERICAN
DOG!



WE CAUGHT HER-- SHE TRIED TO SHOOT AT
US!-- SHE IS
DYING--

LET ME TALK--- I WANT
TO CONFESS THE OTHERS ARE
INNOCENT!-- I DID IT FOR
MONEY! I WAS GOING TO
SELL THE INFORMATION TO
THE HIGHEST
BIDDER, --I-I--



FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, AND YOUR
COMPANIONS, THIS WOMAN'S
CONFESSION ARRIVED IN TIME--
--GO BACK TO YOUR
COMPARTMENT, AND DON'T
LEAVE THERE TILL WE
REACH YOKAHAMA---



SHE DID IT FOR ME--! SHE
KNEW I HAD THE COPY OF
THE DOCUMENTS IN MY
PERSONAL LETTERS!-- SHE
MUST HAVE SEEN ME HIDE
THEM UNDER MY SEAT, WHEN
THEY CALLED ME IN-- SHE
FIGURED THAT HER COUNTRY
NEEDED THE DOCUMENTS MORE
THAN HER LIFE!-- POOR,
BRAVE LORRAINE---



--SUCH IS THE
LIFE OF AN
ESPIONAGE
AGENT--

DO YOU LIKE
STORIES
LIKE THIS?

WHY NOT
WRITE

TERRIFIC
COMICS
220 WEST 42ND ST
NEW YORK CITY

BUCK'N BRONCHO

HERE THEY GO AGAIN---!
FOLLOW THE MADCAP ADVENTURES
OF OUR TWO DASHING, CRASHING,
SMASHING SONS OF GALLOPING
CELLULOID AS THEY COME FACE
TO FACE WITH THE MOST COLOR-
FUL CHARCTER OF THEM ALL--
"THE INSULTIN' SULTAN"



IT ALL BEGINS WITH BUCK'N BRONCHO ASKING FOR
LEAVE OF DUTY.!

WELL--I
GUESS IT'S
ALL RIGHT--!
YOU TWO
FELLOWS
DESERVE IT!
--WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

ANYWHERE--

WELL-- WE DON'T
KNOW, SIR--CAN
YOU SUGGEST
SOMETHING?

THERE'S A
PLANE LEAVING
FOR ISTANBUL!
I THINK I CAN
FIND TWO MORE
SEATS ON IT!

TURKEY?--GEE
SWELL!



THAT EVENING--

ISTANBUL---GEE,
WE MIGHT BE ABLE
TO SEE A HAREM---

YEAH---

HOURS LATER,--THE BIG PLANE SETS
ITSELF DOWN IN THE TURKISH CAPITAL!

LET'S FIND A
HOTEL---

THIS AIN'T
A BAD
BURG!

STILL LATER---

SOME LAYOUT!--
BETTER'N FOXHOLES!--
SAY DID YOU BRING ENOUGH
FILM? WE MIGHT RUN INTO
SOMETHING HOT!

STOP
WORRYIN'!
OF COURSE I
DID!

A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND THEN
ON THE FOLLOWING DAY---

NOTHIN'--JUST
WALK AND KEEP
OUR EYES OPEN!

WHATTA WE
GONNA DO
FIRST?

I SEE WHAT YOU
MEAN!-- I'M GONNA
KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

UMMMM---
ME TOO!

LET'S EAT! THEY OUGHTA
HAVE SOME REAL
NATIVE DISHES
IN HERE!

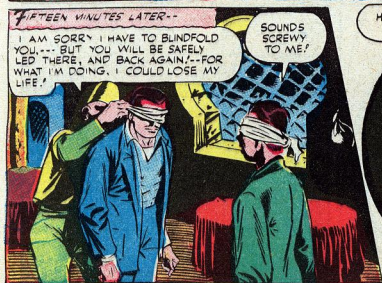
LOOKS LIKE A
CHEAP MOVIE
SET---

WELCOME
GENTLEMEN!
--YOU WISH
FOOD AND
DRINK?

YEAH, SOMETHING
LIKE THAT---

WE'RE
STARVED!





THROUGH A NARROW WINDING, TWISTING LABYRINTH OF DARK ALLEYS
DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE NATIVE SECTION, ---AND THEN---

G-G--GOSH

WELCOME,--
MY FRIENDS---



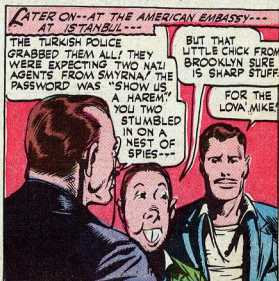
AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER-- WHAT
SEEMS TO BE A CHAPTER OUT OF THE
ARABIAN NIGHTS, IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING TO
OUR LENS MEN PALS---




YOU FUNNEE
LEETLE MAN!

AW--GEE---
AW WWW---







**BOY! IT'S SURE
EASY TO WRITE
LOVE LETTERS
NOW!**



I NEVER DID KNOW HOW
TO WRITE TO MY GIRL!
LOOK, SERG!
JUST READ THIS
BOOK - IT TELLS
YOU HOW!



WOW! THESE SURE
ARE SOME LOVE
LETTERS IN THIS
BOOK!



WILL MARY BE
SURPRISED WHEN
SHE READS MY
NEW LOVE LETTERS!



WHY THIS IS
WONDERFUL. IT'S
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
LOVE LETTER THAT
JIM EVER WROTE ME

Just Follow Instructions in This Amazing New Book!

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